

Do Not Go GENTLE Into That Good Night (BITE THEM)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/46016488) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/46016488>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Fandom:	Dream SMP
Relationships:	No Romantic Relationship(s) , Wilbur Soot & TommyInnit , Technoblade & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot & Technoblade & TommyInnit & Phil Watson
Characters:	Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot , Phil Watson Philza , Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Minor Character Death , Violence , Blood and Gore , Feral TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Villain TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Platonic Possessive Sleepy Bois Inc , Dark Sleepy Bois Inc , Alternate Universe - Superheroes/Superpowers , Possessive Wilbur Soot , Drugs , Non-Consensual Drug Use , Kidnapping , No Backstory , you get what you get, no beta we die like jschlatt in this fic , Angry TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , hes absolutely feral thank you , Hybrids , Avian Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , no nickel this time , BAMF TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Possessive Sleepy Bois Inc , Blindfolds , Handcuffs
Language:	English
Series:	Part 11 of Something Wicked This Way Comes
Collections:	plantie's favs , All kinds of SBI fics , DreamSMPFics , Possessive (and a little fluff) BedrockBros , self employed!! , Cheesing or crying I can't tell , Obrava15finishedfics , SBI timee , Reject god worship these fanfics , SBI Fics That Breath Life Into My Lungs , Sk1 tats , SBI but I'm ✨M e n t a l l y I l l ✨ , Ivyni
Stats:	Published: 2023-03-26 Words: 7,431 Chapters: 1/1

Do Not Go GENTLE Into That Good Night (BITE THEM)

by [Flustered](#)

Summary

"Wilbur misses you."

Tommy froze. His stomach dropped.

Wilbur.

He's connected to the Syndicate? No, he shouldn't be. Idiot couldn't even be a good hero, he was all about 'justice' and 'don't set cafes on fire, Tommy.' He was a low, C class hero that had S class heroes for parents. Wilbur was... vulnerable. In ways Tommy couldn't allow himself to be.

Tommy furiously pointed a finger at Blood God, "you keep away from Wilbur, you got it? Or I'll fucking gut you like the bitch you are. Don't you even test me. I'll deliver you to the Vault if you even touch a hair on his head." He could hardly talk through the fury and spit welling up in his mouth.

If this fucker thought he could use Wilbur as a weapon against Tommy, think again bitch. He'd kill him. He'd kill them all.

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Feral Minor Villain Tommy goes Apeshit when Local Villain Blood God Tries To Talk To Him, more news at 9.

Notes

 DARKSBI DISCLAIMER BRRUUHH

title is from the poem "do not go gentle into that good night" by Dylan Thomas.

I kind of just had this scene in my head for a while and thanks to Houxe for bribing me to write it lol. It literally just starts mid-scene. You should be able to figure out most of the story by context clues. But I'll add some notes at the bottom if you're confused.

Special thanks to Silverwing15 for info about drugs. Specifically Chloroform. Don't do use it, kids. Bad for your health.

RATED M FOR VIOLENCE. LOTS OF IT.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Blood splattered on the ground with a wet smack. Droplets raining down, alongside with the bits of flesh and bones that shattered when the bullet hit.

Tommy didn't personally like guns. The knock back on this one nearly made him drop it. The recoil was hard on his wrists, but... when it came down to killing pieces of shit, Tommy didn't care what weapon he used.

Goat Fucker was on the ground, screaming his head off. Clutching at the leg that no longer had a foot attached to it. It wasn't Tommy's fault. Sucked to suck that the best place to shoot a hero would be where there wasn't any armor to shield them. And it just so happened that boots don't come with kevlar.

Tommy glanced down at the hero, then his eyes flicked up. To the man that he had inadvertently saved.

Blood God stared back at him. Skull mask covering his face. The sockets glowing red. Blood dripped from his fingers from the other hero, the one that Tommy hadn't gotten to yet. The final one was zipping away in a streak of lightning. No doubt going to go snitch on them to the rest of the heroes. Whatever.

Tommy was in the Syndicate City. Heroes weren't even allowed here. It's funny, how on the outskirts, they tried to snipe one of the lands leaders.

Tommy tsked, and took a step back from the super villain.

He wasn't going to fucking fight one of the owners of this shitty city. Hell, Tommy had been working with him for the past five goddamned hours as his minion. The pay was amazing. And nobody looked at Tommy and saw a underaged street rat, just a goon to be used. His shitty mask had fallen off during the fight. Which was pretty bad, Tommy guessed. But he couldn't muster up effort to care right now. He had an unremarkable face. Sweat ran down his back, making his dirty shirt stick to him. Or maybe it was wet from all of the blood he just spilt.

Nevertheless, Tommy wasn't picking a fight with the big guy. Just the assholes. Specifically, the assholes that hurt Wilbur.

He saw them and his vision went *red*. He was zipping towards them before he even understood what he was doing. Tommy was the one who held grudges.

Shitty heroes. Fucking idiots. Tommy wanted to kill them ages ago, but figuring that he sort of lived with Wilbur, who was kind of a coworker to them, then it would make things awkward. Just walk in after a night of crime and Wilbur shuffling side to side with that anxious expression and Tommy goes, "oh yeah, remember your friends who fucking ditched you? Yeah, I just murdered them."

No.

That would just remind Wilbur that Tommy was scum. Somebody to throw into a prison cell. Hell, Tommy had fucking *kidnapped* Wilbur. Albeit, Wilbur came willingly. And it wasn't so much of a kidnapping as it was a, "you wanna come over to my place?" And then Tommy just never let him leave after that. They were happy. Together.

It ended the second Wilbur's hero fathers came back from their intergalactic space thing and started freaking out that Wilbur had been missing for over eight months and nobody never fucking realized it.

The top two heroes tore up so much shit and found nothing. That is, until Tommy drugged Wilbur and tossed him in a dumpster and left an ominous newspaper cutting for his dads to find him.

That was that.

End of the story.

No more Tommy-and-Wilbur. It was just Tommy again. Bitter and violent as always. With a little less patience for the world now. He hid. Under a rock. Hoping his heartbreak could pass and Tommy could cope with it. It took a shit ton of time, but eventually, when Tommy emerged from his bunker, the world had changed. A city run by villains was one of them. Which was great for Tommy, he could get some quick money and fly to some coast and live on a beach somewhere. Except that hadn't really gone to plan.

And now he kind of hoped that Blood God wouldn't just kill him. Within the last minute Tommy just murdered four different heroes. Tommy was dangerous. He had just proved it.

Goat Fucker was screaming still. And Tommy just raised his hands up, the heavy revolver dropping from his palm. Blood God would kill the asshole. Maybe. He could take the hero back and let him suffer. And from what Tommy knew of the asshole, he deserved a painful ending.

Blood God can deal with the clean up. Tommy will just leave.

The villains voice made Tommy shiver. Deep and smooth, like he just had a drink of water. "Can we talk?" Blood God hands were up, but fuck that. That wasn't a way to show he's harmless. There were dozens of ways for the guy to kill Tommy from where he was standing.

Talking sounded like a bad idea. Pissing off the villain by ignoring him sounded even worse. Tommy hesitated, eyes scanning his surroundings to see where he could teleport away. All it took was a thought. He could think faster than the guy could kill him, right?

Blood God saw that moment of hesitation. And he stepped forwards slightly. "Tommy."

The word hit Tommy in the chest.

What the fuck. *What the fuck?* There is *no way* for the Blood God to know his name. That wasn't- no fucking way. It wasn't common knowledge. Hell, Tommy told like. Four people.

Max. And two of them were the ladies at the coffee shop. Damn Barbara couldn't keep it quiet, huh? He could go pay a visit to the cafe with a fucking lighter.

It was time to get out of here *yesterday*. He should've left when he heard there was a bounty on blonde boys who could teleport.

"Wait, don't go. Please." Blood God took another half step forwards. It sounded strange to hear the word 'please' come from a super villain. What was he trying to do? Stall? Fuck that.

"Wilbur misses you."

Tommy froze. His stomach dropped.

Wilbur.

He's connected to the Syndicate? No, he shouldn't be. Idiot couldn't even be a good hero, he was all about 'justice' and 'don't set cafes on fire, Tommy.' He was a low, C class hero that had S class heroes for parents. Wilbur was... vulnerable. In ways Tommy couldn't allow himself to be.

(The second Wilbur found out Tommy's age, he was so worried. "You shouldn't go out and fight people," he'd say, "you're a teen, you should be in school," he'd say, "you need a brother to take care of you.")

And Tommy scoffed and said, "who would even want me?"

Wilbur got this fucking heartbroken look on his face. And Tommy couldn't choke down the guilt. Then he got all clingy and shit for days afterwards. Tommy... didn't mind it.)

Tommy furiously pointed a finger at Blood God, "you keep away from Wilbur, you got it? Or I'll fucking gut you like the bitch you are. Don't you even test me. I'll deliver you to the Vault if you even touch a hair on his head." He could hardly talk through the fury and spit welling up in his mouth.

If this fucker thought he could use Wilbur as a weapon against Tommy, think again bitch. He'd kill him. He'd kill them *all*.

Blood God didn't expect the sudden hostility. His hands lowered slightly. "I'm just the messenger-"

"Fuck off!" Tommy spat out, he'd shoot a messenger any day, don't test him. "You leave him alone or I'll-" Tommy was B ranked at best, upper C maybe at his worst. With Blood God ranked as an A class, not much Tommy could do. "I'll rat you out! Wilbur has people in high places and I'll get 'em to whoop your ass!"

Tommy wasn't certain how the conversation would go with Wilbur's dad's, but he'd get 'em to level the city for Wilbur. It would be weird. Tommy waltz up to Angel and go, "hey remember when Wil was missing for a long time, that was me. Also some dipshit threatened him, you should arrest 'em."

Yeah that would end well.

“Kid-” Blood God sighed, and it only made Tommy even more furious. If he was a cat, he would be bristling and hissing.

Maybe Tommy might have taken the guy up into the sky and dropped him like he did with the girl superhero, maybe he would’ve left to call for reinforcements, who knows.

It was sheer instinct that made Tommy teleport.

The asphalt he had been standing on a literal second prior shattered. Tommy barely had time to catch his breath, sucking in the oxygen from the dusty air, when a hand gripped his elbow. Something hit Tommy’s side. Sinking beneath his skin. The asphalt showered around him, sharp and cutting. The pain didn’t hit. Not yet.

The problem with Tommy’s power was that he teleports where he was looking at. In this case, when Goat Fucker apparently had tired of screaming over the loss of his foot, he took a pot shot at Tommy.

Tommy had been fucking looking at Blood God. At least, sort of near him. Tommy stumbled to the ground a foot away, and the villain asshole took his shot. He moved faster than Tommy would have thought.

Turns out A rankers really are a class above Tommy.

With a twist of the Blood God’s free hand, Goat Fucker let out a terrible blood curdling scream before it was sharply cut off. Right. Bone manipulation. The guy could twist the ribcage inwards and have the bones pierce through organs.

Tommy was screwed.

If the Blood God turned that on Tommy, he’d be a pile of mush in seconds.

“Let go!” Tommy clawed at the giant gloved hand, his eyes darting to the side and-

There wasn’t a sound. Just a faint swish of displaced air as the two of them appeared down the side of the street. Tommy yanked on his arm, trying to find the perfect angle for it to jerk out of the sonofabitches grip.

It didn’t work.

Blood God grunted from the sudden whirlwind change of their surroundings, his grip still cement firm. It was like a rock. He pulled on Tommy, but fuck that.

They were on top of a building now. Tommy threw his weight into the Blood God, ramming the both of them into the side of the escape door. The man grunted again, and Tommy glanced and they were on a fire escape, the metal landing clattering from their movement. He carried the momentum, throwing the villain into the hard metal stairs, the tread on the steps sharp and a health hazard on it’s own.

Blood God didn't seem phased, instead drawing his arm around Tommy's side to pin him close. Wrong move, bitch! They were suddenly two feet to the left, with nothing underneath them.

Tommy let them drop. He was a hearty shit. Teleportation came with a healthy amount of resistance to damage, and if he broke a bone every time he accidentally teleported to the top of the building and not land on the edge of it, then he would be a cast all the time.

They landed with a crunch on top of a dumpster. The plastic lid giving in, and Tommy squirmed furiously. He was succeeding too! Barely. It was a tough battle. The hands were sliding away, inch by inch, and just as the Blood God regained his grip, Tommy moved again.

They banged against the walls, the street, Tommy made sure to especially throw the Blood God into the dumpsters walls, cracking it against his spine with the velocity of them falling. Bit by bit, it was working. One hand slipped off. Then it grasped back, onto Tommy's shirt. He kicked and threw punches and elbows, but it didn't really do shit but it was a distraction.

One good grip, all effort he made is down the drain. But one good twist, that hand slides off, and he's just inched himself closer to escape.

Little by little-

"*Stop.*" Blood God grunted between clenched teeth, and Tommy bit him.

If Tommy was a B rank at best, and Blood God was an A rank, the chances of Tommy actually piercing his skin was slim. It felt like he was biting a steel beam. Fuck. His teeth would break. So he changed course and licked a long line up the Blood God's forearm.

Nobody expected that. Tommy's specialty was to fucking fight as dirty as he could.

"Seriously?"

"Get fucked!" Tommy howled, and teleported them four hundred feet into the air.

From the brief moment of stillness, before gravity caught up to them, Tommy could see the entire city.

And then they disappeared.

The Blood God landed in gravel on top of a roof, rolling and taking most of the damage. An arm was wrapped around Tommy's waist, and he pushed at it, trying to shove it off. But it grew tighter. Tommy craned his neck and-

Suddenly they were in the middle of a six lane interstate, cars whipping past them at incredible speed.

Tommy didn't have much time to brace himself before a truck hit the man, and, by extension, himself.

He was hearty. Tommy could take it. Meta's could get hit a lot harder than humans could.

But it rattled his bones as they skidded across the ground. Concrete eating at Tommy's jeans, ripping his shirt apart. One of his shoes fell off.

Sharp pain lanced up his chest. Fuck. Mistake. That was a mistake. A huge fucking big red flag kind of mistake. The asphalt shrapnel. He had forgotten it had hit him. Now it was becoming so much of a bigger problem. He could feel it now.

Tommy let out a pained wheeze, falling still for a moment. Everything went a bit dizzy. He could hear cars honking, a door slamming shut, people shouting-

"Shit, you okay kid?" A hand reached down and Tommy was suddenly aware of himself again. Everything snapping back into place. "Where are you hurt?"

"Fuck you," Tommy wheezed, the words not as strong as he wanted them to be. And he glanced away-

They were gone again, suddenly crashing through the front of a store. The large window shattering into glass pieces, and they landed heavily again. Tommy struggled to breathe. His chest, his fucking chest *hurt*. God. It burned.

Note to self, don't get hit by a damn car again.

"Where are you hurt?" The Blood God was looming over him, one hand still firmly clutching at Tommy's arm in an iron grip. The other was running up and down Tommy's back and ribs, pressing to check for breaks.

Tommy choked on his spit and blood when he touched the fucking gash in his side. He flinched away, unable to even find the energy to cuss the asshole out. "Shh," Blood God soothed, like Tommy was a goddamned *horse* or something. "Just stay calm. This doesn't look too bad."

He lifted Tommy's shirt, the blood making it stick painfully to the ripped skin, and Tommy hissed in pain. Blood God made a 'I'm trying to sound like this isn't a bad wound' noise. Fuck him. It's a bad wound. Tommy could feel the piece of shrapnel sticking into his side, making every breath ache.

As long as it stayed in him, the blood won't come out. Easy. See, Tommy knew first aid. Take that, *Wilbur*.

Tommy stayed still on the ground. Taking in short breaths to ease the pain. He could feel tears stinging his eyes, but they weren't because he was a pussy. They are tears from a man!

"It's going to be okay, Tommy." Blood God murmured, "you'll be okay. You're doing fine. Just keep breathing."

Tommy was already doing that, thank you fucker. If he was one percent more spiteful, he might just stop breathing just to mess with him. But admittedly, trying to breathe was a bit more helpful than sticking it to the man.

He watched the man like a hawk. Laying perfectly still. He had gone through worse. Tommy had lived through broken bones and stab wounds. This was just a walk in the park. As the Blood God whispered, checking Tommy up and down for other wounds, he forced himself to relax.

It was painful to do so. Letting his limbs loosen. His shoulders going lax. His eyes blinking slower.

It was effective. The Blood God grew softer. Less on edge. His grip on Tommy's arm loosened, just a little. Not as tight as before. And he backed up a bit from his hovering, giving Tommy a bit more space.

"You're going to need to get some stitches," the man whispered, "I know a place that can handle metas."

Yeah, Tommy did too. He didn't fucking rip his back open once from a clothes liner he didn't see and sew it up himself. Just needed some netherite needles to break through the skin and some string and anybody can be a meta doctor.

"Easy does it." Blood God whispered, and Tommy wanted to bite him again. He lifted his free hand from Tommy's stomach. Pulling it back to his side, to where he had a few pouches. Tommy tensed slightly, and the Blood God's arm twitched back as if to grab him again. But instead, Tommy forced himself to let out a pained sigh and fold again.

"You don't want to move," Blood God muttered, "I'm just grabbing one thing, okay? It isn't bad. It's fine." And he reached into his pocket, and withdrew a thin silver band. "See? It's nothing. It's just a bracelet, no knife, no weapon--"

Tommy knew exactly what that bracelet did.

Fuckin' power suppressor.

Blood God was fiddling with the lock, his attention momentarily elsewhere. Tommy lunged. Ripping his arm from the man's hand and rolling away, eyes open to find-

He was outside of the shop. For a breath, he did it. He was free-

His sleeve was pulled on. Fingers clenched into the fabric. An inch of his sweater had been grabbed-

"Kid--" there was a warning now in the Blood God's voice. And Tommy spat blood and spit into his face and teleported again. Using the moment to try and wrestle out of his jacket. It didn't work, those fingers pulled again and a hand was clamped around his wrist.

He had been so fucking close.

Tommy saw a flash of silver, the damn bracelet, and he writhed. The hand holding his wrist pulled, and he could see it. Imaging the moment the lock closing around his skin. His power snuffing out like a lit matchstick. Helpless against an A class villain that could literally manipulate his bones into a dancing skeleton with a meat sack around it.

Not ideal.

He kicked, letting out a screech of anger. Blood bubbling and foaming at his lips as he furiously hit the asshole with everything he had. It was like hitting a wall. Blood God was trying to say something but Tommy wasn't listening.

They teleported, Tommy didn't even know *where* but they were gone again. His leg came up and hit the asshole, knocking into the man's arm.

Blood God stiffened suddenly. Tensing like a live wire. His skull mask snapping to the side where-

The bracelet fell.

It was gone. Tommy knocked it out of his hands.

It was like seeing a tiger's body coil before lunging. Tommy had felt a little bit in charge on where they were going, obviously he had been teleporting them to every corner of the city. But he was fucking *dragged* as the Blood God dove for the power suppressor.

Tommy knew the guy was fast. But it was *nothing* he could comprehend until he was pulled into the motion. With a lurch in his stomach, his eyes wide, he activated his power.

He didn't know where the fuck he had been looking at. The world blurred with speed-

They were in the air. Tommy saw a bright blue sky, the clouds hovering high above his head, and then they began to fall down. He didn't know how high they were up, and panic lurched in his stomach.

Arms wrapped around him, pressing him against a chest as the wind howled and whipped past them.

They crashed into water with a *smack*. One moment, they were at the top of the water, the hit reverberating through Tommy's ribs. And then they sank into the choppy waves.

Harbor. Tommy teleported them above the harbor.

The thing about water is that his vision was shit under it. He squirmed, bubbles leaking from his mouth. But one arm kept him completely pinned. Fuck. *Fuck*.

Tommy opened his eyes, but only saw dark green algae infested water. He let out a garbled noise, bubbles sliding across his skin like a soft caress. The world was spinning and moving again. And Tommy couldn't *breathe*. He didn't know which way was *up*.

The water was moving. He could feel the currents brush past him. An arm was reaching up high above his head towards-

Light.

For the first time, Tommy held onto the Blood God. His fingers finding grip in the man's armor. The surface came closer.

The noise of the waves and the harbor clamored as their heads crested above the water. Tommy gasped and spluttered, clinging tightly to the only thing keeping him afloat.

He-

He didn't know how to swim. *He didn't know how to fucking swim.* Cold hit his bones, and he shivered violently.

"You okay?" Blood God asked loudly, as if he cared.

No, no he wasn't okay. Tommy was cold, tired, he had a shard of shrapnel in his side, he got hit by a car, and this *asshole* won't let him go.

His teeth started to chatter, and he would rather die than admit he rested his head against the man's shoulder. It was for warmth. He was going to die and he was *cold*, alright?

"Really had to shoot us out here, kid? Can't you just, close your eyes and magic us onto land?" Blood God grumbled, and Tommy hissed at him.

"Fffhh-uck you." Tommy croaked, "ffu-fuhhk you."

"I take that as a no, then."

The water rose up and down choppily. And Tommy hated it. Hated every burst of anxiety that one wave pulled him down. And he couldn't get back up. He dug his fingers into the armor and pulled himself up higher. Clinging to the Blood God.

It was at this moment, he saw that the signature bone mask was missing. Tommy's eyes flicked up without his input. Taking in the freckled cheeks and messy pink hair that spilled out from a frazzled braid. Blood God had high cheekbones and a scar across one eyebrow.

Their eyes met. And Tommy's stomach dropped.

There was no way he was going to live. Not with him knowing the Blood God's face. His identity was a threat now. If Tommy had been a pesky ant to squish, now he was a task to *kill*.

"Hi," Blood God said, like a normal guy. As if they weren't floating out in the middle of the harbor. As if he hadn't caused literally everything bad to happen today.

A wave came up and hit Tommy and he shuddered. He wanted to *get out of here*. The harbor was in the opposite direction he was facing, and he craned his neck around to spy the city.

Water fell around them in buckets as it hit the asphalt. Tommy crumbled. He didn't hit the ground, instead, arms easily took his weight as his legs gave out.

"Oh," Blood God mused, "it's by sight."

That wasn't fucking ominous. Tommy tried to twist away, but it was a familiar action by now. The arm around his waist kept him upright and steady. He blinked, and they were on the other side of the street. A street lamp hitting the Blood God's back hard. The metal dented, but the man was fine.

They weren't lying about A fucking class being so *damned tanky*. Literally everything Tommy threw at him didn't work. Didn't even phase him. He wanted to scream. Surely, there had to be *something* to hit him with.

"Let me go!" Tommy croaked out, his hands coming up and shoving at the Blood God's wet chin. His head didn't move an inch. "Let me go!"

"Sorry Tommy," Blood God didn't look sorry at all. Instead, his lips curled up. An almost proud smile. "You fought well, kid. More than I expected."

"Fuck you!" Tommy tried to claw at him. But his nails slid off. "Fuck *you*. Let me go. I didn't *do* anything. I'm just some C ranker, let me *go*."

"Oh kid, you're definitely B rank, low C at worst. Although, do you even feel the slightest bit of exhaustion by spamming your power?"

No. Tommy never felt tired after using it. That's why it was so pog and manly. Tommy ignored the question, trying to ram his elbow into the guy's face.

It was caught. The Blood God's hand pulling it down and pinning it to Tommy's side. Tommy glanced away and-

They were in a quiet alleyway. Not what he wanted, and he looked up-

A warm slightly wet palm covered his eyes. "No more."

Tommy writhed. His weak legs coming up and kicking, his single free hand reaching up to claw and tear at the offending hand covering his eyes. He couldn't see. He *couldn't see*. That was as effective as that shitty suppressor.

"Let me go!" Tommy shrieked, wiggling his nails between the man's fingers and trying to pry them apart. He caught a glimpse as it worked, and they zipped forwards-

About two feet.

Tommy pulled up one of his legs and leveraged his knee against the Blood God's torso, pushing with all of his remaining strength. He could feel himself buckling. But it was enough, he could barely see between the fingers again.

They appeared ten feet away.

"That's enough, Tommy." The Blood God voice was final. And Tommy was suddenly manhandled. His legs were swept to the side, and he was flipped over. His chest pinned onto the ground, one knee pressing firmly at the small of his back to keep him there. The stupid fucking hand was still covering Tommy's eyes.

Both hands freed, Tommy clawed and tore at the hand. But it didn't move. He turned his head back and forth, trying to knock it off, but it didn't give. Tommy tried to move but the knee kept him pinned. He couldn't see. He was blind. He couldn't fucking *teleport*. He was useless. Vulnerable.

But it was warm, too.

Is this the part where he started to beg or was that after the torture? Tommy couldn't tell. He was ready to beg though. Who knows, Blood God might want a free new minion that could teleport him into banks.

Distantly he heard a cloth being ripped. The splash of water hitting the ground as the cloth was squeezed. The pop of a cork being released.

He could barely hear it over the pounding of his heart. His breath came in quickly. Clawing, almost manically, at the hand.

It did nothing in the end.

"Broke my potions," Blood God muttered, "so this'll have to do. Sorry, kid. This won't be pleasant."

"*Please-*" Tommy choked out, before something wet was covering his mouth and nose.

He could barely breathe through the wet cloth. It was sickeningly sweet, tainted with chemicals.

Chloroform.

'*Don't breathe,*' hit his thoughts. But the panic and desperation clouded his brain. Making his body almost uncontrollable. He couldn't stop breathing like he couldn't reach out and squeeze his heart into stillness. He was far past beyond hyperventilation.

He clawed and squirmed. Jerking side to side to get the thing *off*. But the Blood God held it firmly, chasing his head as he moved it.

Tommy caught a glimpse between fingers and they jolted forwards. Flickering slightly, and then moving again.

"Still a little fighter. Until the end, huh, Tommy?" The Blood God sounded almost impressed, from what Tommy could hear over his thundering heart beat. Tommy yowled and threw a fist in the direction of the voice.

It connected, he felt his knuckles hit hair and skin. But it halted like he had just tried to punch a wall. His hand burned.

His mouth tasted like chemicals. Sweet but sickeningly so. With a bitter aftertaste. It was overwhelming.

"You had me on my toes," Blood God grunted as Tommy twisted enough to try and kick at his leg. "That's hard to do. No wonder Wilbur loves you."

Wilbur.

Just the name of his... pseudo kidnappee brother made Tommy pause. His head was starting to spin. He saw a flash of light. But he couldn't make anything out. Just a blurry pavement.

They flickered and concrete was underneath Tommy now.

A headache was pounding behind his eyes. And he squeezed them shut. Before forcing them to open again. He couldn't afford to be blind he had to see and catch this fucker off guard again.

"-spent a lot of time looking for you." Wait. Blood God was still speaking. Tommy hadn't noticed. He had to...

They flickered and gravel was pressing against his stomach. Digging into him. And he let out a hoarse choked noise from the sudden flare of pain.

God his side. His damn *side*. The adrenaline must be wearing off by now and every ache and pain was hitting his nerves like a sledgehammer. The weight on his lower back disappeared and Tommy saw a chance.

He tried to turn to the side, but his legs and arms hesitated. They didn't get the memo in time. His vision returned. For a second. He couldn't break up the shapes of where they were to teleport- By the time he moved he was grabbed again and hoisted onto a lap. The palm settled over his eyes again.

"You really did a number on yourself. Man, I remember a time when I'd do this to myself. Didn't care if I got the shit beaten out of me, just charged headfirst into battle." A slick lock of hair that stuck to Tommy's cheek awkwardly was pulled off. Tommy wheezed, trying to suck in air but his head spun like he was suffocating.

His quick breaths turned into halting, jerky, gasps. He couldn't breathe. He couldn't do it.

"Just keep breathing in deep, kiddo. That's it. You're almost there. I got you." A hot arm pressed into his back, holding him up as Tommy's shaking and traitorous body gave up.

Tommy gasped in another breath, chemicals thick on his tongue. The world was spinning. Twirling. He couldn't see anything but a palm. Its twin kept the rag pressed firmly against his...

"You're doing so good." A mutter against Tommy's ear as stubble scratched at the tender skin. "Just a few more breaths, runt," he muttered.

Heartbeat. Once. Twice.

Tommy tumbled into darkness.

So the shitty thing about chloroform is that it is nothing like in the movies. Tommy had never had it used against him, or used it against another, simply because of how *terrible* it was. It took minutes of prolonged breathing before it did anything and Tommy didn't want to struggle with a fucking Karen for a few minutes when there were *weakness* potions. A bit pricey but Tommy knew a few people. They were better.

Chloroform didn't make a victim pass out for hours. Just a handful of minutes.

No, what kept them down for so long was what happened *after* they woke up.

The fucking *nausea* was enough to cripple anybody.

Tommy knew all this from *research*. Yeah. Research. Not um. For anything dastardly evil. He looked into different shitty drugs when he went to dump Wilbur. See. Tommy *prepared*. He wasn't going to foist Wilbur back onto his S ranked parents while sick. Angel and Blade would honestly hunt him down if Wilbur had a single hair out of place. Tommy made sure the dumpster was nice and everything. Minimal garbage stink too.

None of these thoughts crossed Tommy's mind as he came back to his body. He didn't have the luxury of knowing what was happening or even the time to sort out his jumbled thoughts. Splintered and broken apart by the absolute *fucking killer migraine*.

Pain and the threat of his stomach squirming up his throat was pretty much all he could focus on at this point.

And the shoulder that was digging into the soft flesh of his torso wasn't helping with the whole "my stomach wants to crawl its way up my throat and splatter onto the pavement" thing that Tommy was currently suffering with.

Something was pressing tight against his head.

Not fun either.

Tommy let out a pathetic noise. Somewhere in his hindbrain said that it was unmanly and he ignored it as gravity shifted side to side underneath him.

God, did a rhino smash his head open on the pavement?

Tommy quite literally wanted to crawl into the earth and just *die*. His head ricocheted with pain and cotton. Making his thoughts loud and incomprehensible.

"Sorry, Tommy." A voice muttered far too loudly. "Yeah, I know. It's bad. Don't throw up."

'*Your mom is throw up,*' was what Tommy wanted to miserably shoot back. But the second he opened his mouth alarm bells started to ring and he snapped it shut with a click of his teeth. The pain in his head turned into agony because of that motion.

Tommy instead let out a weak sob.

“I’m sorry.” The person- fuck who *is* that - spoke. Their voice full of emotion like they actually meant it. “If you hadn’t left the very expensive and hard to come by suppressor, then we wouldn’t be in this situation.”

Tommy would protest. He’s a very protesting big man. Full of spite and shit. He tried to let this guy know it.

Tommy let out a pitiful whine.

“Shh,” the man said, “I got you. I just need to set you down just for a second. I need both hands for this, okay?” Tommy’s world spun horrifically, and his gut lurched. His head *exploded* into white hot pain.

He was laying on the ground when he became aware. Pavement was cold, but Tommy’s clothes were icy wet. Sticking to his body. A distant throb in his side, like a cramp from running too long, pinched and ached at him. Trying to get his attention but it was one pain out of many that clamored for his notice.

Tommy tried to open his eyes but found resistance. His eyelashes hitting a barrier glued to his face. He choked. His hands... he tried to raise them. He thinks. There was a bite of metal against his wrists. Holding them behind his back. Tommy raised his legs but found them thick and burning. Numb. And then his head started to scream at him.

He could feel tears pouring out of his eyes now.

There was a beep of a car not too far away, the alarm sounding. That spiked another wave of agony before it was quickly silenced. Tommy gagged. That made it *worse*, somehow. His breath coming in and out in choppy frantic movements. He couldn’t get enough air. Suffocating on the street.

Hands lifted him up and held him firmly against an equally wet torso. Tommy tried to talk but choked again. Silently gagging. If there had been anything in his stomach it would have left him by now. Even so, the strain on his chest shot pain up his spine and directly into his battered brain.

There were words being spoken above his head. Muffled by the... *everything*.

Tommy didn’t have enough brain power to comprehend it all. Only that he was held. Gently, cradled against a chest that picked him up. They at least *tried* to be steady. Every sway of their feet made his pain spike. They practically crushed him against their chest as they fumbled with a car door, mumbling under their breath.

Tommy was set down in the backseat of a musty smelling car. A few seconds later, a seatbelt whirled as it was pulled. Tommy was lifted almost effortlessly as the belt tucked under him and clicked.

“Phil would kill me. Not because I just hotwired this car but if you didn’t have your seatbelt on.” The guy muttered under his breath. Then scoffed, “Wilbur would too. As if you hadn’t thrown yourself in front of a speeding car today.”

...right. That *did* happen. Because Tommy had been running from Blood-

Oh shit.

A new layer of awareness hit Tommy. He- this-

Fuck.

“Asshole.” The first word left his dry lips. How come he was soaking wet and shivering but his lips and mouth were dry as a desert? The- the drug. It was-

Aw, hell. Tommy was taken down by *chloroform*?

That was just sad.

“There you are, Spitfire.” A hand patted against Tommy’s cheek and rested there. Fingers pressed against his throat and checked Tommy’s rapid fire pulse. “Think you can make an hour drive without throwing up?”

“Your *mom* is throw up.” There. Gottem.

There was a huff of laughter. Tommy was struck by a vision of the man with pink hair and a surprising amount of freckles on his cheeks. Wait, how did he see the Blood God’s *face*-?

Right. The dip in the ocean. It explained his wet clothes.

The hand stayed there. Fingers idly pressed up against his pulse. Tracing a pattern there. Cupping Tommy’s jaw with a palm.

If Tommy’s head wasn’t as fragile as a... um. Easily broken thing. Then he would turn his head and *bite*.

Although he was pretty sure Tommy already tried to bite the Blood God. It was the thought that counts.

“I can see it now.” Was all that Blood God spoke, after a pause. “The way that Wilbur loves you. He’s always been a sensitive kid. I wondered why he stayed with you for all that time. We thought it was Stockholm Syndrome. A few records of you existed. But they weren’t kind.”

“Shut up.” Tommy squeezed his eyes shut. The aches flared up as his jaw clamped shut. “Don’t talk about Wilbur like that.” His voice trembled with far too emotion than he should’ve shown. Exposing himself painfully raw.

“Like what?”

“Like he could do better. I know he could’ve.” Tommy felt his energy drain from him. The fight was barely there. But the admission. The guilt. Wilbur was...

Tommy always knew that Wilbur was just too fucking *good*. Too good for a whole lot of assholes on this planet. Tommy included himself in that.

Wilbur, who spent nights in Tommy's room, holding him as Tommy woke up from a nightmare. Even as Tommy cursed and tried to shove him away. He stayed. No matter what. With his warm arms and soft brown eyes. Humming a lullaby under his breath as Tommy bit back his own tears and held onto him too tightly.

Wilbur, who went out in a rainstorm to get Tommy that one spicy dish he liked from a Thai restaurant across town. He came back soaking wet and shivering, and got a stupid cold from it.

Wilbur, who regularly helped... fuck. Old women cross the street or cats out of trees. *That* sort of thing.

Tommy didn't deserve it. He didn't deserve *any* of it. Every moment with Wilbur was stolen. Every laugh and breath and joke. It was taken. From others who deserved him. People who would be able to give Wilbur attention he needed.

People who weren't Tommy.

"Whatever." Tommy clicked his teeth together, "take me back to whatever shitty torture you made for me. I don't care anymore." He didn't have the energy to care, really. He was numb. From killing heroes- *shitty old friends who ignored Wilbur ought to die*- to bleeding out in an alleyway, everything was just. Too much.

Tommy was tired. He was in far too much pain already and his head hurt and he had gotten *emotional*. It was truly a terrible day in the big man community.

"Aw, kid." Blood God sounded so fucking emotional. The hand cupping Tommy's jaw moved, and another one joined it. Both of them cupping his face. Terribly reminiscent of when Wilbur would do the same thing to Tommy. "No, I'm not going to torture you. I'm *thanking you*."

Tommy's breath hitched as those powerful fingers trailed against his skin. He felt something wet trail across his face. Hair. Long pink hair. The Blood God was leaning over him.

"You did something that Phil and I couldn't do. Fuck, kid. We can move *mountains*. We have, too. For all the power we have, it is worthless. I don't know what we would've come home to if Wilbur was left alone. We- we thought he had people in his corner. That he would be okay until we were home." There was a long deep sigh, and the Blood God's voice turned dark. "We were *wrong*."

"What-?"

"But then you," the villain laughed, almost breathless, "you parked yourself in Wilbur's corner and refused to leave. And I am so *grateful*. That he had you. We can *never*," he spat, "make up for our mistake. But you helped him. Filled in that hole we left. So *thank you*."

A drop landed on Tommy's cheek. Warm. It slid down his chin, until a thumb swiped it to the side. "Phil and I, we told ourselves. We swore. We would give everything to Wilbur. We almost *lost* him, Tommy. What's the use of moving mountains when our world nearly ends? And," the Blood God laughed again, "the first thing he asked for when he woke up was *you*."

"I-"

The grip on his chin grew tight, "you made it so *hard* to find you, Tommy. What rock did you hide under? Hm? While Wilbur *needed* you?"

"Stop." Tommy whispered, his heart pounding. A mixture of terror and pain swirling in his empty stomach.

The grip loosened immediately. Holding Tommy's face gently. The lingering harsh touch gone. "I'm sorry," Blood God murmured, a finger swiping across Tommy's skin to brush a lock of hair away. "You- you're such a good kid, Tommy. Wilbur is going to be so fucking *happy*. That's all I ever wanted. You're strong and stubborn and so *young*. I can just see Phil melting around you. He loves kids. It's in his bird brain, you know? Avians go nuts with children. And you need *us*."

"I don't," Tommy whispered, his voice trembling.

"You *will*." The Blood God spoke, his words final. He stood up, his hands leaving Tommy's cheeks. Taking the warmth of them away. There was a shift of gravel underneath his boots. "We aren't heroes anymore, Tommy."

The car door closed.

Tommy dozed. Exhaustion weighing him down in his sleep. But he stirred when he felt sheets pressed down, shifting against the bandages wrapped around his side.

Normally, Tommy was a light sleeper. Normally, he'd wake up at the drop of a pin. Even so, his eyelids fluttered. Trying to force himself awake. They brushed up against something covering his eyes.

"Shhh," A hand rested against Tommy's cheek. Turning his head. Pressing it against a collarbone. Hair brushed against Tommy's ears.

Tommy knew who this was. He knew like he knew his own breath. Their heartbeats synced ages ago. Down to his very marrow. They were *together*.

"Wilb'r." Tommy slurred, his body so *heavy*. He knew this sensation once. Could feel the drag of potions in his body, forcing him to slow down and *stop*. He struggled against it. Trying to wake up. But the drag was almost impossible to throw himself against.

Tommy could feel Wilbur grin against his hair. A palm rested on Tommy's neck, fingers playing with the tender hairs at his nape.

“Go back to sleep.”

The potions weighed heavily. Tommy gave up fighting them. Sinking into Wilbur’s arms, breathing in the other half of his soul. Wilbur’s fingers curled into Tommy’s clothes. Tight. The cloth sinched against Tommy’s skin. His knuckles turning white from the pressure. As if he wanted to dig them into Tommy’s body instead.

Fervently, Wilbur murmured, “I have you, Tommy.”

End Notes

DO NOT ASK FOR MORE CONTENT. THIS IS A ONE SHOT. IT IS COMPLETE. DO NOT DEMAND MORE AFTER I SPENT HOURS WRITING THIS.

Some context bc I couldn't fit it all into the fic itself: Yes, Phil and Techno were S class heroes. But when the hero agency kind of half assed looking for Wilbur, they turned around and went "I WONT HESITATE BITCH" and became villains. The heroes have covered up who the Syndicate are bc of bad PR. Everybody would freak out if the top heroes turned bad. So the public think that the Syndicate are A class to make them look beatable while the heroes try to get ED back for ditching them.

Meanwhile Wilbur is skruncky and sad and goes maniac when Tommy leaves him because he has Attachment Issues (my bad) and Will Not Allow Tommy to Leave Him. Thankfully his new villain dads take over a city to give him a happy and safe environment for Wilbur's enclosure. Now he needs his brother.

(Tommy hides for a LONG TIME. bc he's bitter and sad too. :(but when he emerges he goes "what the fuck, there is a villain city now? neat.")

My friend, Bitsinboots, author of Secret of Being Colorful and I have made a discord (MULTIFANDOM NOW as of April 2024) server together. It is a 15+ age server. And it's a dictatorship. But if you'd like to come hang out with us, feel free. Here is the [discord link](#).

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!